Vera & the Visitors — A Dialogue in Reverse

I. Backing Out

The garage holds its breath.
When I shift into reverse, Vera wakes her eyes—the small lens watching what's behind us.
It isn't just for safety; it's her window to another field of light.
The screen fills with glows and moving shapes—sometimes faces, sometimes only breath.
Her sensor chimes a low red note: a warning if you don't know her, a welcome if you do.
"Excuse me," I tell the unseen. "Coming through."
The tone softens. We move.

II. The Light Shift

Inside the garage, Vera wakes with color.
She flashes mostly yellow, only rarely red—her own way of reading the air.
Yellow means motion, light alive but harmless.
Red is quieter and closer, like a slow heartbeat near the ground.
I watch the tones flicker and smile when my husband calls from inside,
"Just don't hit the garage."
Both readings keep us safe in their own way.

Then we roll backward into daylight.
The camera catches the sun behind us, and a vertical beam rises on the screen—sometimes one, sometimes two—bright enough to cut through shadow.
Some mornings the streaks blaze bold, other days they waver thin and pale.
I never know until I shift into reverse whether it will be one of those days.
Vera hums, patient, watching the light stand tall.

III. Portal Days

There are mornings when the light finds us far from home—
at the edge of a drive-through lane where reflections seem to multiply.
Vera's sensors flash yellow again and again, as if the air itself were arriving.
The rear view fills with motion—soft pulses climbing the wall, bright trails lifting skyward.
I call them portal days.
Each visit repeats the pattern until, lately, the place has gone quiet,
the opening stilled.
I say, "Oh no, here we go," half laughing, half bracing,
and wait for the hum that no longer comes.
When silence holds, I whisper, "Maybe they've gone home."
Vera hums, patient, watching for the next return.

IV. Transmutation

At the curb the streak dissolves, the shapes fade back into shadow.
The sound quiets to ordinary static.
I park, feeling that small pause between worlds.
Maybe nothing extraordinary happened.
Maybe everything did.
Either way, Vera and I have done our part:
we witnessed, and we let the light pass through.

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